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president's message

WFRS Heritage Committee President's Report

BY DAVID RUSTON, AUSTRALIA

This year will be one of the most eventful of years our heritage rose groups have ever experienced, starting with the Conference at Sakura from May 29th to June 7th, where so far (in late February) 100 have registered, with nearly 50 from Japan, 17 from Australia, 9 from the U.S.A., 5 from New Zealand and several from France, Belgium, Italy, South Africa, United Kingdom, Canada, India, China, Germany and Switzerland. Speakers include Odile Masquelier, Helga Brichet, Viru Viraraghavan, Gregg Lowery and Sally Allison.

Highlights will include the Heritage Rose Garden at Chiba, beautifully designed into separate sections. My favourite part is the area with enormous metal hoops towering upwards with roses like **Adelaide D'Orleans** cascading down in festoons like cherry blossom.

There is a pre-Conference tour to view species roses growing wild and many visits to immaculate gardens.

Our next major event is the W.F.R.S. Conference in Sandton, South Africa, close to Johannesburg. The classic book *Roses at the Cape of Good Hope* released in 1988 by author Gwen Fagan and out of print for many years, will launch a second edition. It is one of the indispensable books in my library, with superb Redouté-like photographs and brilliant text. Over many years Gwen has named hundreds of roses from old homesteads and ruins where the names have been long forgotten. This second edition of the book will be launched at the Conference.

For heritage rose lovers the tour to Cape Town includes three magnificent gardens with many old roses and companion plants, in the town of Elgin.

In early November the Heritage Rose groups in Australia are having their biennial conference at The Barn Palais at Mt. Gambier, South Australia. There are excellent lectures by Mike Shoup an expert on old roses especially Teas and Chinas and Fiona Hyland, editor of both the New Zealand Heritage Rose Journal and our bulletins. There will be trips to many large country gardens both in the south east of South Australia and across the border in western Victoria.

The next event is to be held in New Zealand in early December in the garden city of Dunedin - a National Conference where the seventeen branches of Heritage Roses will meet and be joined by a large group from Australia. New Zealand has hosted two World Heritage Conventions, Christchurch in 2000 and Dunedin in 2005, and both were among the best I have attended, but this is their first National Conference. With cold winters and cool moist summers, old roses grow into huge bushes and combine so well with peonies, delphiniums, lupins, campanulas, lilliums, and flowering trees and shrubs. There will be trips to Invercargill and to Central Otago.

Now the important news is that Sangerhausen in Germany, the home of the largest collection of roses in the world with 8,500 varieties, is having its 110th birthday in 2013 while the nearby the city of Forst celebrates the centenary of their rose garden.

Sangerhausen and the German Rose Society plan to apply for permission to hold the 13th Heritage Rose Conference in 2013. So far the application has not been received, but all countries that we have contacted are in favour.

The motto for the event is "Collecting, Identifying, and Maintaining" rose collections. Speakers will be Charles Quest-Ritson on *Climbing Roses*, Odile Masqualier on *the Roses of Lyon*, Paul Zimmerman on *Historic Roses from America*, Helga Brichet on *China Roses* and Hella Brumme, whom I have met three times in Sangerhausen, on *Roses on Pictures in France and Germany*. Sangerhausen was famous for its huge library of rose books: these were all taken to Moscow after the Russian invasion.

In this issue you will read articles by Charles Quest-Ritson on the future of world rose societies - very thought provoking; Leo Watermeier will discuss the Chinas, Teas, Noisettes and Bourbons in the French Quarter of New Orleans with its 62" of rain per year, and Anita Clevenger will deal with the huge Sacramento Historic City Cemetery maintained by a group of dedicated volunteers.

I must thank Fiona Hyland for her brilliant editorship of our Journal. Fiona also edits the New Zealand Journal as well as writing most original articles. Also thanks to Di Durston for deciphering my shocking handwriting and being the most conscientious representative from Australia and for finding articles from members all over the world for our bulletin.

Sincerely,
David Ruston

P.S. I have been very happy with the response from committee members from Australia, New Zealand, USA, Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, India, Germany, Canada and South Africa. But nothing from other member countries. I would like every one of our member countries to write about their activities at least once a year to make the bulletin more international.



from South Africa

Bourbon roses at the Kostanjevica Monastery, Slovenia

BY SHEENAGH HARRIS, SOUTH AFRICA

North of Italy, about 100km from Vienna and the same distance from Venice, is the town of Nova Gorica in Slovenia. High up on the edge of the town, at about 143m is the Franciscan Monastery Kostanjevica, which dates back to 1632. Tucked between high walls to the south of the monastery building is an ideal place to grow vegetables, which is just what the monks did. However, in the summer of 2003 the monks decided this area, connected to the crypt of the last French Bourbon kings, should be an ornamental garden. Edi Prošt, Vice President of the newly founded Slovenian Rose Society, offered his services and became involved in the planning of this new rose garden of Bourbon roses. Today this garden is very popular, especially at the height of blooming in May, with large numbers of visitors from Slovenia, Italy, and further afield.

Bourbon roses were the first repeat-flowering roses to be created from the China roses, and hold in their genes the wild descendants of Far Eastern and Damascene roses. All shades of pink through to reds and purples are represented in this class of roses.

The first ten varieties of Bourbon roses were planted at the monastery in autumn 2003 and about a further twenty were added in the spring. Two years later more Bourbon roses were added by grafting from roses owned by Dr Fineschi from Cavriglia. This brought the collection to 60 varieties, making it one of the most complete collections of Bourbon roses open to the public in Europe.

The garden is partly financed by the Nova Gorica Municipality, but mostly depends on voluntary workers from the Rose Society membership and the Franciscan monks living in the monastery.

Edi Prošt is the knowledgeable expert in this team of workers and part of their creed is to allow roses the freedom to grow as they will. The Rose Society members therefore direct rather than control the plants. The roses respond with a myriad of magnificent scented blooms. Besides being a collection, this is also a garden where visitors are inspired, and more recently the benefit of aromatherapy has been experienced.



The following Bourbon roses are among those with the most outstanding of potpourri scent:

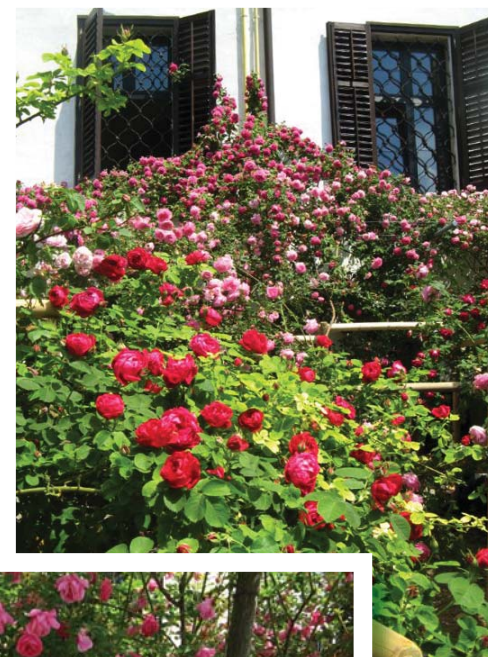
- 🌹 **Madame Isaac Pereire**
- 🌹 **Louise Odier**
- 🌹 **La Reine Victoria**
- 🌹 **Blairii No. 2**
- 🌹 **Coupe de Hebe**

During the season the Rose Society members organise a special Rose Festival, which is now in its seventh year. This garden of Bourbon roses promotes roses in general and it helps increase membership to the Rose Society whilst also spreading the knowledge of how to grow roses.



There is an open invitation to you all to visit this very special garden at any time of the year. This area with its microclimate has proved to be the ideal place for roses to grow and flower in abundance. There are blooms to be seen every day: **Adam Meserich** is but one of these Bourbon roses which blooms throughout the year.

In June, 2010 I was fortunate to be given a guided tour by Edi Prošt and Katja Kogej of this little bit of paradise, with roses cascading over structures to form a canopy of every shade of pink and a strong fragrance permeating the air.



from England

old roses & rose-gardens

BY CHARLES QUEST-RITSON

Rose-lovers in other parts of the world often have a high regard for the rose scene in the United Kingdom. Much of our rose-literature is still available in print, and 19th-century writers like William Paul and Dean Reynolds-Hole remain of great interest and relevance to lovers of old roses everywhere. In the mid-20th century, Graham Stuart Thomas was an important influence in re-kindling interest in what he called 'Shrub Roses'. And the old, green Rose Annuals of the Royal National Rose Society are a constant source of information and inspiration.

But that is all old history. The situation in Britain and Ireland today is much less rosy than it was in the past. We have seen a downturn of interest in all types of roses – with the honourable exception of David Austin's post-modernist English Roses – which affects everyone who holds roses dear. Roses are derided by journalists who promote a preference for grasses and seed-heads. Breeders and growers sell fewer roses every year. Membership of the Royal National Rose Society, once exceeding 120,000, is now down to about 2,000 – though it is difficult to give an exact figure. And those of us who still carry the flag for roses are not as young as we used to be.

It is true that in Britain we have some of the most beautiful rose-gardens in the world – not so much for the rarity of their roses, but for the way they are interplanted with other shrubs, herbaceous plants, and bulbs and to create an overall effect of great beauty. Graham Thomas's own garden at Mottisfont Abbey is perhaps the prime example – certainly, he considered it his masterpiece. But we do not have the big historic collections of roses that exist in France, Germany and Italy. No British or Irish rose-garden has more than 2,500 cultivars, old or new. So if you come to the United Kingdom in search of

English or Irish rose-history, you will probably be disappointed – you would do much better to go to Sangerhausen in Germany or Cavriglia in Italy. And, for sheer comprehensiveness, the gardens of the Roseraie du Val de Marne at L'Haÿ-les-Roses near Paris and the newer collection at Kasteel Coloma in Belgium are also hard to beat.

One of the problems is that the rose-trade is governed by novelty. Ever since the 1830s the leading breeders have brought out a new range of roses every year and we, the public, have been encouraged to buy them because they are said to be an improvement on what we have already. After a while, we begin to wonder whether all these puffed-up new cultivars are really much better than what has gone before. Then we try to hunt down the older rose varieties, and discover they are no longer available. Nurserymen invite us to buy newer roses – often with plant patents that benefit the raiser – and that is why older roses die out. Many roses that I remember buying in the early 1980s have since disappeared completely from the rose lists – and most of them from my garden too, though I have managed to hang on to some that I esteem highly.



This is a problem that the Historic Roses Group is now addressing. The Group has a ten-year programme to re-introduce into cultivation in the British Isles every British or Irish rose that is still grown abroad but is now extinct in the United Kingdom. There are over 800 British- or Irish-bred roses that are no longer available but have been conserved, against all the odds, in such collections as Cavriglia, Roseraie du Val de Marne, Bagatelle and, above all, at Sangerhausen. Some exist only in Australia or other countries that once formed part of the British Empire. In 2011, we obtained budwood of over 100 cultivars from Sangerhausen, who cannot be thanked and praised enough for their helpfulness and efficiency. We have had a very good 'take', and hope to receive the next 100 during 2012. The National Collection is being established in Oxfordshire with help from Robert Mattock, and will be supported by a series of duplicate back-up collections throughout the British Isles. And, quite without our knowledge, a private garden in Havering-atte-Bower, north of London, has been putting together a complete collection of the roses raised by the Rev. Joseph Pemberton, who lived all his life at Havering and was for many years the incumbent of its Parish Church. We tend to think of Pemberton as the man who invented Hybrid Musks, but his introductions also included some handsome Hybrid Teas and vigorous ramblers.

One activity that we cannot really undertake in Britain is rose-rustling. We do not have the abandoned cottages such as exist in other countries. Land for building is expensive in UK, and a run-down homestead will soon be modernised and restored, or bulldozed and built over. In my opinion our National Collection needs to have a corner for foundling roses – cultivars we see in old gardens but cannot identify – so that they can be grown on, studied and perhaps eventually given their correct name. The trouble is here that, even within the Royal National Rose Society, the Historic Roses Group, and the

Royal Horticultural Society, there is quite a low level of knowledge about the Rose. Few of our members – even the better-known ones – are real rose scholars. This is a problem for those of us who are interested in preserving this part of our horticultural heritage.

Fashion is fickle, and the current unpopularity of roses in the United Kingdom will not last forever. When the wheel of fortune turns, the Royal National Rose Society and its Historic Roses Group need to be ready to champion the rose again. Polls carried out by lifestyle magazines tell us that the Rose is still our most loved flower – but they do not arrest its decline in public interest and commercial sales.

We can see now that the huge popularity of roses in the 1950s and 1960s was an anomaly, brought on by the desire for good value and inexpensive colour to cheer us up in the bleak post-war years (not me, I was only a boy then and, besides, my parents had five acres of rhododendrons). We realise, looking back, that it was absurd that the Royal National Rose Society should have had more members than the Royal Horticultural Society. We also know that almost all other specialist plant societies in Britain have seen a considerable drop in their membership numbers in recent years. But the fate of the Rose is unprecedented, and we must work to bring about another revolution in taste and consumer spending.

Sales of roses are growing in France, Italy and in much of the rest of Europe. Large new rose-gardens, public and private, are appearing in every part of Europe – except Britain.

There is one more question that needs to be asked: why is the rose gaining in popularity in so many other parts of the world? Is Britain leading the world again, in being the first to experience a downturn in roses that will inevitably spread to every other country? Or is the rose-recession the result of something uniquely British, like the way we garden with plants? I do not know the answer – it is a problem that has exercised me for a long time. But it is also a problem that cries out for a solution... and, when we find it, I hope to play a part in implementing that solution.

from Australia

Japan - endless discovery

BY TOM LYONS, NORTHERN TASMANIA

At *Brookhaven* the east border of the croquet field has become the Sakura Grove (*Sakura* in Japanese means cherry blossom).

While the croquet markers remain from a jolly outing organised some years ago by Wendy Langton. The Northern Heritage Rose members dressed for an Edwardian afternoon of polite entertainment, and the east border, where the Hybrid Teas had been banished to, looked so promising that afternoon in their first year of transplanted bloom, that their bed became the "Gulag Archipelago". The winter rains of the following two years notified me of a desperate need to alter the drainage. On my return from Japan with a Sakura Grove in mind that is what I set out to do.

Having taken a break from planting my flowering cherry grove of nine 'Shirofugen', nine 'Prentice Dancer' and five 'Ukon', my thoughts fly back to a very special place in my memory. My Sakura Grove will remind me this spring, and often thereafter, of the founder and volunteers of the Rose Garden of the City of Sakura. However, this pleasant winter afternoon break, following my return from a wonderful stay in Japan, is much different from an afternoon break last autumn, before my departure.

Friday, 11 March 2011

Taking a break from work in the garden I came into the house to make a cup of tea, after turning on the radio. Terrible news from Japan broke into regular broadcasts. The television was turned on to reveal the full horror of live vision,

made possible from aircraft relays to Japanese broadcasters.

That terrible Friday, Volunteers at the City of Sakura Rose Garden, were preparing their special gift for us - their rose garden. This was no ordinary day, however. Each passing day left less time to prepare for the 12th International Heritage Rose Conference, due to begin on 28 May.

As the vision of the stupendous forces of nature shimmered on the screen my thoughts were focused on my only contacts in Sakura: Mr. Katsuhiko Maebara, Dr. Yuki Mikanagi, and the Conference Committee. Eventually we knew all were safe, well, and unharmed, including their un-given gift, their garden. In the days following we received the eloquent message of cancellation from Professor Akira Ogawa, which came as a great disappointment to all who intended to travel to Japan. It was an especially hard blow for the volunteers who worked so diligently to prepare their welcome and their gift. Robert Frost, in the closing stanza of his poem *Reluctance*, reflects in some way the depth of emotion I can imagine those on the Organising Committee must have felt:

Ah, when to the heart of man
Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things,
To yield with a grace to reason,
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?

When the Australian and Japanese governments, World Health Organisation, and travel authorities confirmed that Japan was a safe destination within easily understood limitations, I decided to proceed with my travel plans. Since the Conference Committee had arranged very advantageous fares with Japan Airlines for air travel to attend the Conference, I contacted Mr Maebara to request an introduction to an agent who could assist with my land travel. I sought in a very small way to make up for all the cancellations which they had been troubled

with. Mr Maebara kindly recommended a JTB travel agent who arranged excellent rail travel and accommodation through the very efficient offices of Oliver Travel in Adelaide. Oliver Travel, at no gain for themselves, were remarkably able to recover over a third of the advertised non-refundable deposits from other agents for a pre-Conference tour which I had intended to join. However, Mr Maebara and the Committee, as I later found, were able to keep the Conference accommodation and post-Conference travel and accommodation costs so surprisingly low because they themselves, without the help of agents, had arranged everything and were therefore able to make full refunds: such dedication.

May 2011

Arriving a little more than two months after the natural disasters, I noticed evidence of repair work after arrival at the Chiba train station, not far from Sakura. Aside from carpets of conveyor belt material in one subway passage and the walls therein covered in plastic sheeting, marking the area for repairs at a later time, the station and its precincts were a busy scene of normality.

A short taxi ride to my hotel introduced me the pleasures of taxi rides in that and the other districts I visited while in Japan. The passenger doors are opened automatically by the driver, who cheerfully helps with luggage, and uses GPS guidance wherever possible. The seats, front and rear, are covered with spotless white slip covers with clean spare covers kept in the boot. This first taxi experience was a brush with integrity as well. I carelessly let the mobile phone rented at the airport for local use slip from my pocket. While I was signing in at the front desk my driver presented it to me. I was glad that I rounded up the fare. However, tips were not at all expected. Later, on my way past the taxi stand to find something to eat, my driver was waiting for his next fare and gave me a friendly wave. This was a very nice introduction to Japan.

The next day I had the distinct honour of meeting Mr Katsuhiko Maebara. This most kind and thoughtful gentleman spent the first part of the day showing me the Botanical Garden near the Museum of Japanese History at the site of a former feudal castle in Sakura. The castle was destroyed by the Emperor Meiji to make way for the construction of a hospital, thus marking the end of the feudal era. The garden contains many, many flowering cherry trees of a great age. These trees are growing in the upper part of the Botanical Garden. A wide footpath gradually descends a beautifully landscaped slope. Branching off the wider way, smaller paths wander into charming wilder and secluded parts of the garden. There was a pretty birch grove and a rustic tea house and occasionally, important statuary. Japanese dogwoods, their flowers larger than the North American variety, were everywhere in bloom.

When we reached the bottom of the slope, what I thought was rice growing in the usual rows turned out to be irises just coming into bloom. Not far from the iris paddy, water lilies in a pond were carefully bordered with a low ornamental bamboo fence neatly wrapped together with straps of a natural material.



<http://www.heritageroses.jp/conference-sakura2011/>

the City of Sakura Rose Garden

Later in the day I was treated to a guided personal tour of the beautiful City of Sakura Rose Garden, of which Mr Maebara is the Director. It is a magnificent achievement of loving dedication to the rose for Mr Maebara and his loyal volunteers. It was, and remains, a worthy outlet because I know this garden has lifted the spirits of the volunteers and of others in the local community. To make a gift of their labours by tending a garden of great beauty, and providing a place of respite and contemplation from some of the cares and worries which have recently affected the people, shows great and honourable generosity.

The Sakura Rose Garden is arranged in 15 sections. It grows well over a thousand different varieties, which are carefully documented in a bound 39-page booklet in Japanese and English. It contains alphabetical listings, the identification number assigned to each bush, classification grouping, year of introduction, hybridizer, and in which of the fifteen sections the rose can be located.

Dr. Yuki Mikanagi, the curator of the herbarium of the Natural History Museum and Institute in Chiba, acts as the publicity officer for the Sakura Rose Garden. She kindly developed and sent me a template based on the spreadsheet format used for the Sakura Rose List in response to hearing of the Northern Tasmanian Heritage Rose group's effort to list the roses in members' gardens with a view to propagation and sharing among members and the wider community. If you would like a copy of this template my e-mail address is thomaslyons8@bigpond.com; I will forward it to you.

Dr. Mikanagi also posts beautiful pictures of roses as they first bloom in the garden. The recent picture of *Fimbriata* has the most elegant petals I have ever seen in that variety. If you wish to view Dr. Yuki's pictures go to:

<http://www.heritageroses.jp/conference-sakura2011/>



No. 189 'Fimbriata'

10th June, 2011

Every visitor loves the delicate fringe of petals of this variety. I am very interested in how descendants of *Rose rugosa* have sometimes gained such a beautiful serration on the edge of petals, as we can see on the Grootendorst varieties, too.

Though we were not sure of its growth habits, we tentatively planted it in the Shade Garden. It has been growing in good health there, the soft light in the garden enhancing her charm greatly.

and in the English section select the 'Others' tab and then select the 'Roses in Sakura' tab.

Of special interest were sections of the garden which were gifts of benefactors. The first of these was the *Seizo Suzuki Garden*.

During his lifetime (1913-2000) Seizo Suzuki, Japan's pre-eminent rose breeder, raised as many as 160 new roses.

The Sakura Rose Garden displays 60 of Seizo Suzuki's hybrids. These roses were all new to me. It was a delightful surprise discovery.

The *La Bonne Maison Garden* contains 182 roses grown from budwood donated by the owners of the private garden of the same name in Lyon. Mme Odile and M Georges Masquelier have a collection of species and cultivars of roses.

It was in the *La Bonne Maison Garden* which had a charming gazebo, that I asked Mr Maebara to have a seat because I had a little surprise for him. I explained that prior to my departure I thought I would like to present him with something to do with Tasmania, and more particularly my district and neighbourhood. I thought Susan Irvine's *The Garden at Forest Hall* would be perfect, since Elizabeth Town and Deloraine are neighbours, and I used this book as a valuable reference when I was thinking of establishing my garden at *Brookhaven*. Checking all the Launceston bookshops had proved disappointing. Thinking Susan's publisher might be keeping a few, I rang her and was told I was out of luck - she had the last few - but would like to donate a signed copy for me to present in Sakura. I told this to Adrienne Charles, who is the designer of many beautiful counted cross-stitch kits depicting Tasmanian heritage homes and buildings. *Forest Hall* is one

such kit, and Adrienne sent one with me to Japan for Mr Maebara. He was quite delighted with both gifts, and added that his wife was especially fond of sewing.

Another interesting section of special interest for Australians was the *Dream of India Garden*. In this section were 27 varieties of roses which were heat-tolerant and suited to tropical conditions. The roses growing there were developed and donated by the Indian rose-breeder Dr. Viru Viraraghavan.

The *Santa Maria Valley Garden* followed a slope with a brook flowing down the centre. Mrs Helga Brichet, whose property in Italy the garden commemorates, has donated 174 varieties of China and Hybrid Gigantea roses. Many of the roses there were young and promising. A week later they were all in bloom and a lovely sight, which will be even better during the re-scheduled Conference in 2012.

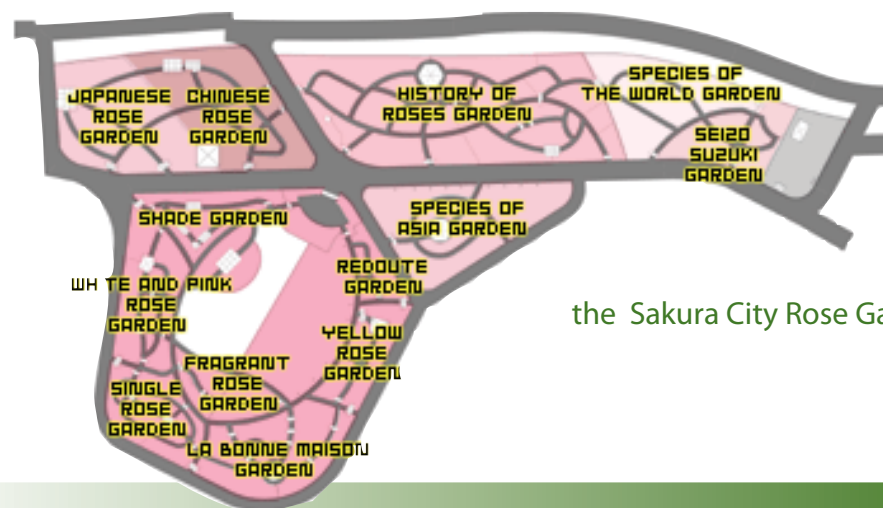
After our garden tour, and on our way to the Sakura Rose Garden Library, we walked past the former rose shop, a small gazebo, which had to be abandoned, but not because of lack of sales: it was too small. I was taken along a little lane adjacent to the former shop, and there displayed in beautiful condition were rows and rows of carefully tended rose bushes. They were being watered by one of the volunteers, who was in charge of the propagation programme. During

one of my walks from the train station at Sakura I saw many potted roses offering colour and fragrance to passers-by. No doubt many of these roses came from the nearby Sakura Rose Garden nursery.

Last on the tour was the impressive library.

The library contained about 9,000 reference books and documents donated by Mr. Seizo Suzuki. Some about the history of roses, and some on rose fragrance and rose pigments"

In the midst of the many book cases there were vitrines containing interesting prints and documents. An especially interesting and thoughtful display was out on a central table. It was a surprise for a very special guest who was expected later in the afternoon: M Alain Meilland. Alain Meilland's mother, Marie Louise, had kept up an extensive personal correspondence with Mr Seizo Suzuki. On personal and company note-paper the years were marked with birthday, Christmas, and other special correspondence. The dates of many of the documents indicated that M Meilland, then a little boy, would be reading the kind thoughts of his mother, in this location, for the first time. I had only personally met Mr Maebara that afternoon, however, I found the thoughtfulness directed toward a memorable experience for an expected guest to be a very consistent trait of generosity on his part, and this was not the first time I was to experience it.



the Sakura City Rose Garden

RoFiC beans

On a table near the Meilland correspondence were a number of clear glass covered bowls containing hundreds of beads the size of a soy bean or green pea. Each bowl contained a different colour: pink, apricot, yellow, lime, blue, orange, purple and white. I asked Mr Maebara the purpose of this display. He invited me to lift one of the lids. When I lifted the lid of the pink bowl, the scent of Classic Damask greeted me. Next was Damask, Modern, Tea, Fruity, Blue, Spicy, Myrrh and finally Bulgarian Rose. The Myrrh scent reminded me of my first spring with the English rose, **Lilac Rose**; and how accurately these little beads brought back that memory. Unaware of the higher purposes for these wonderful little beads, I remarked to Mr Maebara how wonderful it would be to have some to take back home and introduce at our August Heritage Rose Meeting. I knew it would entertain thoughts of approaching spring.

The little beans are known as **RoFiC beans** (shown below right) and have been developed by Mr Katsuyuki Yomogida, a protégé of Mr Seizo Suzuki. Mr Yomogida has patented a fragrance-extraction method developed through RoFiC - the Rose Fragrance Institute Corporation.

Thanks to Mr Maebara and Dr Yuki, my wish for the August meeting talking point was granted by Mr Yomogida. Shortly after my return a small packet arrived from Sakura which contained three Rose Fragrance Towers. The towers are clear and reveal eight named cells which contain the eight different colour and scent divisions. The bottom of each cell screws to form the lid of the next. A family tree of scent derivation was included, with significant parents for each scent extracted by Mr. Yomogida's method.

I should think that mixing the scents with the aid of their colour coding would allow a percentage of each scent in a particular blend to be derived. Unique personal products could be supported using such a scheme. I have been following

developments on the company's web site. The English page was under construction at this writing:

<http://www.baraken.jp/english/index.html>

This wonderfully informative and entertaining afternoon was not over yet. We had a very long and friendly tea break in Mr Maebara's office where he asked me about the rest of my travel plans in Japan. The Conference Committee were going to have a dinner party on 28 May, which is when the Conference would have begun. He invited me to return as their guest. I was due to travel next to Tokyo and Nagano. However, I left Nagano a day early, on the Friday before the party, so I could spend another day at the garden before the dinner.



As we enjoyed our tea Mr Maebara wrote very detailed directions for negotiating my train travel and getting around the Tokyo Central Station, which was needed, and came in very handy. A very cordial and helpful volunteer joined us in the office. Learning that I was going to visit Nagano he told me to visit the Zenkoji Temple. "The Japanese have long been told to visit the ancient Zenkoji Temple at least once in their lifetime." He also suggested, since I had a JR rail pass, that I visit the very scenic highest point of the line near Nagano.

On to Tokyo...

After one of the most enjoyable afternoons of my life, Mr. Maebara drove me to the train station. Halfway up the stairs to reach the concourse I looked back to see if his car was leaving. He remained, waved, and waved again when I looked back after reaching the top of the flight. I deeply appreciated the brotherly courtesy.

In Tokyo I was impressed with the printed instructions, supplied by my hotel front desk. When I asked for help with the subway trip to the Imperial Palace, two station stops away, I was given a leaflet complete with platform numbers and exit directions and the names of the four stations involved. When the pre-Conference tour was cancelled I had been worried about language problems. Train travel information is bi-lingual, which is very convenient. Thus I arrived safely and quickly at the Imperial Palace Otemachi station.

Making my way across the moat and through huge stone and cedar gates to the East Garden of the Imperial Palace I was impressed with the beautiful clipped rhododendron hedging everywhere to be seen. Sometimes these hedges were in long rectangular pink trains. Other times, and more impressively, they were clipped into graceful swells on a green sea with pink foam clinging to the surface. The carefully tended roses gathered a large number of fellow admirers. The areas of the garden where water was a feature found artists depicting its harmonious combination of elements.

I visited the Zojoji Temple and garden, near my hotel, before departing for Nagano. The beautiful gardens of the temple were filled with votive areas which were quite intriguing. Many ranks of infant-sized granite statues were decorated with little red bonnets. Vases in front of each statue contained flowers, ribbons and little pin-wheels which whirled in the breeze. Beautiful calligraphy and elegant seals adorned wooden prayer tablets, which hung in special open displays. Wishes and prayers, offered in hope, invited witnesses in that serene setting.

...and Nagano...

The Journey to Nagano introduced me to the wonders of the Shinkansen "bullet train". During my entire stay they arrived and left to the minute on schedule. Green Car (first class) luggage storage was conveniently located in carriage vestibules. Before the train arrived the cleaning crew in pink and foreman in blue uniform were waiting all in a row. The train arrived and they boarded to turn the seats and tidy the carriages. About two minutes before the train was due to leave the cleaning crew reassembled in a neat line along the platform. The foreman, with the dignity of an orchestra conductor, raised his arm and motioned a signal to the cleaning staff. They all bowed together most elegantly, and we were invited to board. Along the way the conductor arrived to check tickets and before entering he bowed to those present, and again

when leaving. This most impressive procedure was repeated by all the rail company employees whenever they entered or left the carriage. The train carriages, stations and employees were spotlessly clean and efficient. Whenever I questioned a platform attendant, conductor or booth attendant, adjacent the turnstiles, since I always had my suitcase in tow, they always had the answer at their finger-tips using the rather thick timetable or electronic tablet. I greatly appreciated and respected the pride they took in their work.



photo by Corporate Monkey

Zenkoji Temple

The recommendation to visit the Zenkoji Temple proved very worthwhile. From my hotel, at the train station, the way to the temple was marked on both sides of the street with well-made cedar lanterns on stout cedar posts (photo below).

There were also attractive flower-planters in hanging baskets. The distance was about 1.7 km along this processional way. The massive 5m tall Niomon Gate was reached about a block before entering the temple grounds. Many steps were climbed before reaching its base and central portal.

Next came the Sanmon gate, marking the entry to the temple grounds. This very impressive structure was four times the height of the previous gate and it grandly framed the distant view to the main hall of the temple. The Inner Temple had many glittering and significant decorations. I could certainly understand why this temple was a national treasure.

The following morning I spent touring the many interesting shops on the walk to and from the Zenkoji Temple. By this time my legs and feet were asking for a rest so I asked at the hotel if there was an *onsen* (hot spring) nearby. About ten minutes away I found the most restful way to spend a rainy afternoon. The *onsen* I visited had two large outdoor pools with steaming hot spring water bubbling up, making steam in the cold mountain air.

Inside there were relaxing pools to enjoy with the same mineral-filled waters. It was a wonderful way to spend an afternoon resting weary muscles, and for less than \$8 - a bargain.

The following day May 28th, when the Heritage Rose Conference was originally

due to start, I travelled back to Sakura to join Mr Maebara, the Conference Organising Committee and the Sakura Rose Garden Volunteers who were going to enjoy a dinner party together, even though sadly they had to cancel all the other Conference activities until May 2012.

Sakura

Mayor Kazuo Warabi's chauffeur found me in the Wishton Hotel, and took me along to a terrace which had been beautifully decorated with roses in garden arches, vases and pots. Reporters with a TV crew were interviewing Mr Maebara and the Mayor with the rose display as a backdrop.

The local Flower Festival, previously due to run jointly with the Heritage Rose Conference, was opening alone this day. Mr Maebara introduced Mayor Warabi, who had a playful sense of humour as I found when we exchanged cards. I was careful as to the correct pronunciation of his surname. He said yes! I had it right Wa-ra-bi not Wal-ah-be. His card was embossed in Braille which included an embossed cherry blossom - very thoughtful. I found that he raised lavender commercially and was knowledgeable about the Tasmanian industry.

The dinner party was held nearby in the grounds of the Sakura Rose Garden which has an ancient farm house in the grounds, where the low tables and comfortable cushions were arranged Japanese-style. After presenting me with the name tag which I would have used at the Rose Conference, Mr Maebara motioned to the western-style table and chairs which he had as a back-up and asked if I wished to use them instead of the Japanese setting. I assured him the weeds in my garden kept me spry enough for the cushion instead of the chair.

Before we began dinner, Mayor Warabi made some remarks of welcome to all present and Mr Maebara followed and welcomed me, where upon I was asked to make some remarks and follow with a toast. I mentioned how beautifully the volunteers, and all associated with them, had prepared the Sakura Rose Garden, and what a distinct pleasure it was to offer my encouragement and thanks. I promised that I would carry away with me the news for my

associates of how - SAFE, efficient and enjoyable my experiences in Sakura and Japan had been. I observed how truly the Garden at Sakura was helping the rose to create friendship among the nations, and concluded with a toast to their most excellent health.

The tables were filled with many and various treats. I wish I could have tried them all. However, Mayor Warabi pointed out Mrs Nomura's plate of cherry-blossom rice cakes. The colour of the blossoms had been preserved and the subtle flavour of cherry was most enjoyable.

Kyoto

The next day was spent travelling to Kyoto. At the Tokyo Station I had purchased one of those delightful bento box lunches to enjoy on the Shinkansen. There was far too much to see in three days, so in 2012 I will be spending a good deal more time in that ancient city.

Three highlights among many beautiful experiences were the Golden Pavilion, the Kiyomizu Temple known as the Temple of Pure Water, and Chouraku-Ji Temple.

The Temple of Pure Water was built on a hillside. The foundation of the structure was made of huge criss-crossed wooden beams which supported an edifice many stories high. From the Temple railings the paths of the sumptuous gardens could be viewed in the valley below. It was a breath-taking sight. Water from springs in the hillside gushed into three long bamboo spouts to the left of this observation deck. I ventured down stairs to get closer. Secondary school children, who spend three days in Kyoto in Junior High School and a week in High School for cultural experiences, were patiently waiting their turns to hold ladles under the cascading streams to catch the pure water. To see the delight of the many well-dressed and -behaved students enjoying this cultural event for the first time was very satisfying.



At the conclusion of the day tour on 30 May our guide handed each of us a handwritten sheet with the text in various sizes:

Thank You for coming to JAPAN at this time of unstable JAPAN.

Because You are helping tourism in JAPAN, shops, Hotels, bus companies, restaurants and tour guides.

We hope you leave Japan with good memories.

Thank You again for visiting JAPAN now.

He mentioned that it was usual in the month of May for him to guide twenty-eight tours. This May, our tour was his first. I left his company with very good memories indeed.

The majority of the next day was spent in the precincts of the Buddhist Chouraku-ji Temple. The walk up the slope to the majestic temple gate was a serene experience, with no room allowed for vehicles on the wide paved footpath which was marked with flags and ornamental lanterns on tall inscribed wooden posts.

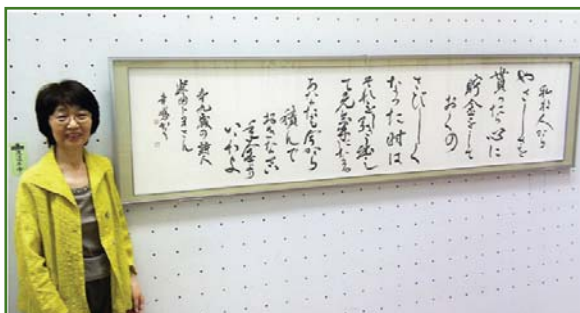
Passing up through the temple gate one ascended further and further to the Temple and then into the higher reaches of the garden, past tombstones and shrines, past the Heian Waterfalls and on higher still past stone images and bamboo forests, until a summit was reached, which afforded a pleasing view back down on Kyoto.

From the entry gate to this point until my departure, I had this beautiful place to myself. The garden path led down again past the Treasury Storehouse and the Water Garden House (photo on next page), which I entered. Expensive tatami mats were arranged on the floor and a thoughtfully spare flower arrangement of pink peonies and blue alliums invited entry. The room, used for worship and contemplation, looked out through parted rice-paper doors onto a pond. The water helped form and reflect a most beautiful refinement. The concept of wild nature was transformed in miniature and I stayed there for some time, transfixed.

Osaka

Osaka was the last city to visit before returning north for my final night in Narita. My most memorable experience there was a visit to the Osaka Municipal Museum of Art and its gardens. On my way to the gardens I ventured into the museum and found that an interesting calligraphy exhibit was underway. One of the gallery attendants stopped to welcome me and, unlike any other gallery attendant I have ever met, spent a lovely long time chatting about Australia, Brisbane and her daughter who went to school there - a charming lady.

In the next gallery I met an exhibitor, Mrs Koga Takatani, who like the ladies of the organising committee and the friendly attendant reminds me of the many random acts of kindness I experienced in Japan; of people who didn't just point to the post office or bank, but took me there; or the people who watched to see if I was going in the right direction and like guardian angels appeared when necessary to point me the other way round. Mrs Takatani (photo below) was one of those kind hearts. We had a long chat about her work and the exhibition.



Shortly after my arrival in Kyoto, Dr Yuki had invited me to a dinner planned for the night before my departure for home. I looked forward to meeting again those present at the dinner of the 28th and the chance to meet some other members of the Conference Organising Committee and volunteers. We met the afternoon of 4 June and enjoyed the garden until twilight. We then departed, by mini bus, for the Laevigata Restaurant which had a huge specimen of its namesake covering the entry, climbing a tree and then onto the roof. It was a sight to behold.

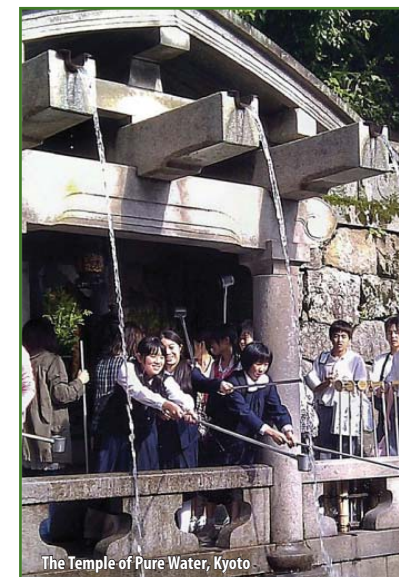
The private dining room featured beautiful dark wood panelling. The long western-style table was set for twenty. The silver service, crystal, linen table cloth and napery, and the handwritten menus, in French and Japanese, which had colour prints of Laevigata roses on the reverse, made this a very special occasion.

After dinner, Professor of English Literature Akira Ogawa, of the Japan Rose Society, rose to thank me for coming to Japan at that particular time to offer encouragement to those associated with the Rose Garden at Sakura. After his remarks he presented me with a lovely present which I shall always treasure: The Wisteria Girl. She is a doll dressed in a kimono holding a graceful frond of wisteria which arches behind her neck from hand to hand.

On both dinner occasions my companions and, may I say, friends, had recently been through a once-in-a-lifetime ordeal. To share with them the pleasures of normality, as equilibrium was regained, brought me great satisfaction. The first gathering was to mark the Local Flower Festival and renewed preparations for a Heritage Rose Conference in 2012. However, the second dinner was for me. I was privileged to be able to share their company and, in my small way, to join in personally what I know to be worldwide encouragement and thanks directed to them.

The encouragements and thanks come from a poignant recognition. All those associated with the Rose Garden at Sakura have been inspired in their generosity by the nobility of the rose.

The following day, as I waited in the JAL lounge for my flight to be called, I noticed a JAL plane begin its taxi from the gate. On its fuselage was the confident and, in my experience, quite true observation: "Japan: Endless Discovery".



from New Zealand

Europa Rosarium, a wonder of the world of roses

TEXT & PHOTOS BY BERYL LEE, DUNEDIN

Whenever my husband and I travel outside New Zealand, we make an effort to find destinations where the past events of that particular place have impacted on the way the world is today. For over one hundred years, the people connected to the *Europa Rosarium* in Germany have worked against incredible odds to make it into one of the world's leading conservation gardens. This ticks all the boxes in list of criteria we have set ourselves, so during our recent visit to Germany, visiting the *Europa Rosarium* at Sangerhausen was an obvious choice for a rose lover like myself.

Our German adventure began in Munich, from whence we travelled north-east to the cultural city of Weimar where we based ourselves. Sangerhausen is off the tourist route, so the visit required a little extra planning. After a bus-ride from our hotel in Weimar, we took a train to Erfurt where we changed to a second train that completed the journey. Overshooting the

station was never a possibility, for not only does an enormous volcano-shaped slag heap stand sentinel over the town, but the town itself it is at the end of the trainline.

Tucked under the Harz Mountains, Sangerhausen was in the former German Democratic Republic (East Germany) for over 40 years, and isolated from all but a few intrepid travellers from the west. The effects of the re-unification in 1990 has been slow to reach the town of 35,000 and even today there is a sense of being caught in a time-warp.

Sangerhausen's medieval origins are apparent in the historic buildings and the cobbled streets but it was the Spartan scene we encountered as we walked from the station that served as a reminder that life has not always been easy for its inhabitants, who for decades have relied on copper-mining for their living.

For the first time in the three weeks we had been in the country, being a non-speaker of German was an issue. I was able to read enough of the language to get by, but was thwarted by the lack of any apparent signage to complement my well-worn map. How were we to get from the station to the rosarium? The best option seemed to be to get on one of the numbered buses in the cul-de-sac. The driver kept us in suspense as he took one detour after another, only to inform us after arriving at the town square that we had to change coaches. Later, as we returned to the station, we discovered the distance from the

station to the rosarium is only 1.5 kms and there are a series of yellow roses, albeit faded yellow roses, painted on the pavement that are intended as a direction guide for visitors.

As the bus reached the hill top my heart sank. Was this what we had travelled so far to see? The general unkempt appearance gave little indication that a celebrated garden was nearby. But yes, there it was! A large, bright red logo and a shiny new gate confirmed that this indeed was our destination.



After purchasing our tickets, we entered through the turnstyle. A panorama of rose beds with inter-connecting paths unfolded below us with the distant slag heap towering over it all. Commonsense should have prepared me for the scale of a garden needed for a collection that boasts over 75,000 roses, but still the extent of the plantings caught me unawares.

The magnitude is quite breath-taking. How could I do justice to what I saw before me, in just five hours? Staying with the tried and true approach seemed the best plan, so it was a quick walk around the side paths and back through the middle to the starting point. What I hadn't reckoned on though, was the time it takes to walk around a 16 hectare garden when the garden is set on the side of a reasonably steep hillside.

The *Sangerhausen Rosarium*, or *Europa Rosarium* as it has been known since 1993 when it was given the official status of Europe's largest rosarium, is a collection of roses rather than a garden landscaped with roses. I was intrigued to see the manner in which the roses were arranged. Over 8,300 cultivars and 500 wild varieties (species and their hybrids) are grouped so that all the rose types are together. Consequently all the albas are together, as are the damasks and all the other groups, irrespective of their size or colour.

The idea for the garden was mooted in 1896 when rose-breeder Peter Lambert of Trier, suggested to the Society of German Rose Growers that they create a garden where all roses that were threatened by extinction could be preserved. The townsfolk of Sangerhausen offered the land, Lambert himself designed the garden and amateur grower Albert Hoffman offered his collection of 1,100 roses. Thus, in 1903 the garden opened under the directorship of Professor Edward Gnau and with Kaiserin Augusta Viktoria as patron.



in street of Sangerhausen with roses growing up pyramid structures



War memorial in Sangerhausen



the view looking down the hill at the beds of modern roses

As I walked from one rose bed to the next, I began to realize that the very existence of the garden was a huge achievement and went well beyond a typical gardening commitment. The dedication of those who maintained it was evident at every turn. I marvelled at their fortitude as I reflected on how the garden had survived two world wars, years of Nazi rule, a world depression, and 40 years of communism not to mention the re-unification of Germany. During the Russian occupation, many rare plants and the important historical library were plundered and taken to Moscow, never to be seen again. But still the dedicated gardened on, undaunted by challenging political systems, poor, dry soil and harsh winters.

In the northern hemisphere, the rose season is in its final flush by October but still there is much to view. I was drawn to the perfectly formed blooms of the deep pink Portland, **Madame Boll**, (known in New Zealand as **Comte de Chambord**) and entranced by the heady perfume that wafted across the path from the almost thornless Rugosa hybrid, **Madame Charles Frederick Worth**.

Innovation was very much evident when it came to displaying the rosarium's collection of climbers and ramblers. With neither walls nor trellises for support, they were trained up single poles with barely a metre between each plant. It isn't every day you see a bed of climbers!

Both the 'Black Rose' and the 'Green Rose' had been identified as being roses of special interest, and I made a determined effort to locate them. **Nigrette** (Krause 1933) is a Hybrid Tea with blackish-maroon flowers, but in New Zealand is generally regarded as not living up to its hype. *Rosa chinensis Viridiflora* is a curiosity that has resulted from a mutation in an original Bengal rose, **Old Blush**, where the pink petals have been transformed into photosynthesizing structures resembling green petals. I was not overly impressed with this rose, though concede **Nigrette** does have a certain charm.

All too soon it was time to leave. I felt elated at what I had seen but a little bewildered as to why a garden so important in the history of roses does not, in the western world at least, receive the acknowledgement it deserves.

Many leading rosarians in the west have visited the garden at some time during their love affair with roses and a few have written about their experiences – a quick check of the indexes of all the rose books in the local public library confirmed this. Some have benefitted from the generosity of rosarium curators obtaining samples of budwood that have since found their way into private collections, public gardens, into nurseries and on to the market. In 1994, while working on a database to record what rose varieties could be found where in the world, American rose-breeder Paul Barden identified no fewer than 3,000 rose varieties that were unique to *Sangerhausen*. There was a time when this number was considerably higher, indicating that the rosariums conservation efforts have been successful. How many of us have roses that were once threatened with extinction flourishing in our gardens?

For myself, I leave the garden humbled and with a deep admiration and respect for all the people who have worked tirelessly during the last century to make *Europa Rosarium* one of the true wonders of the rose world.

Anyone contemplating visiting *Sangerhausen* should allow at least two days if possible – there is a lot to see! Regional trains run from Erfurt every hour and the journey takes approximately 1½ - 2 hours. Buses run regularly from the station, although the walk is a comfortable 1.5kms – just make sure you have a map before you start out.



from left to right and top to bottom:
a bed of climbers;
Madame Charles Frederick Worth;
Madame Boll syn. **Comte de Chambord**;
the Green rose: *Rosa chinensis Viridiflora*;
an unnamed beauty;
the Black rose: **Nigrette**



the dedicated
gardened on,
undaunted by
challenging political
systems,
poor dry soil,
and harsh winters.



why does
Europa Rosarium
not receive the
acknowledgement
it so richly deserves?

from America

New Orleans roses impress visitors

BY LEO WATERMEIER

Dr William Welch, noted Texas A&M rosarian and author, was able to enjoy the old roses in both Louis Armstrong Park and Cabrini Park in early January when he was in New Orleans to speak at the monthly meeting of the New Orleans Old Garden Rose Society. He was accompanied by his wife Lucille and escorted by Peggy Martin, namesake of the Katrina survivor rose.

Luckily it's been a mild winter even by New Orleans standards (USDA Zone 9, annual rainfall 62 inches) and many roses had the lush, vibrant blooms cooler winter weather brings out.

Armstrong Park has one of the country's largest collections of those roses that do best in warm climates: Teas, Chinas, Noisettes, Tea-Noisettes, Bourbons and Hybrid Musks. It is located adjacent to the city's famed French Quarter. Leo Watermeier has been its volunteer curator since its inception in the mid-1990's.

The roses are well integrated into the park's landscape and Peggy Martin remarked she was

So impressed with the scope of the garden, with the way the roses follow the slopes and the winding wide paths through the garden, and with its many beautiful large healthy specimens... it gives you the feeling of the old New Orleans nostalgic gardens of my youth.

The group also toured Cabrini Park, which is nearby in a quiet residential part of the French

Quarter. There Jon Kemp, whose house is adjacent to the park, has planted over 50 old roses. One of the highlights is a **Lamarque** that sprawls over an 8 foot tall fence.

Dr. Welch particularly enjoyed seeing several of the roses he had originally brought back into commerce thriving in both parks, including **McClinton Tea**, **Georgetown Tea**, and **Natchitoches Noisette**. Dr. Welch recalled that he found **McClinton Tea**, in Natchitoches, Louisiana, in the mid-1980's:

Mrs McClinton, like many conservative African-Americans, did not discard her old roses but propagated them profusely. The fragrance was unforgettable. It is exciting to see how the City of New Orleans has included her rose in several public plantings. Mrs McClinton would be pleased.



Dr. William Welch, his wife Lucille, Peggy Martin, and Leo Watermeier in front of **Georgetown Tea** in Cabrini Park.

"Roses are important to the gardening heritage of New Orleans and these are really thriving" he added.

Both Armstrong Park and Cabrini Park provide an opportunity to see beautifully maintained old garden roses in a beautiful green space. It is a rare treat to be able to stroll through these mature, 4 to 8 foot tall roses, touch them, smell them and enjoy their colors while reflecting on their romantic stories.

Seeing these gardens makes us realize the impact of the revival of old garden roses in the South," he concluded.

Great praise coming from one of the men most responsible for the growing popularity of old roses in Southern gardens.

Dr. Welch's books include *Antique Roses for the South* and his latest, *Heirloom Gardening in the South: Yesterday's Plants for Today's Gardens*.

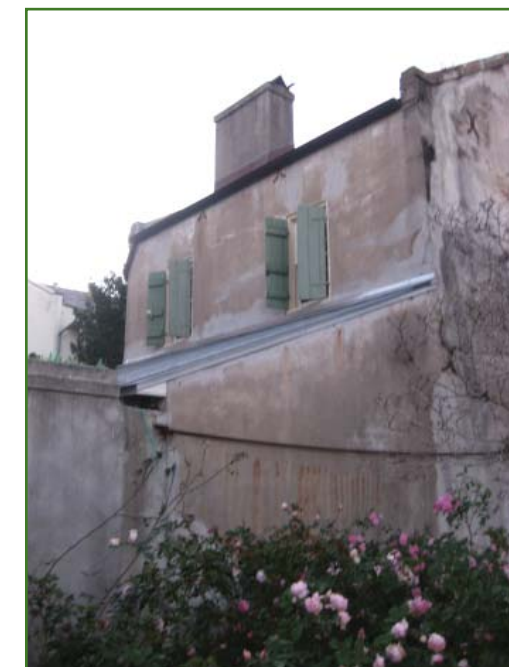


At Cabrini Park, clockwise from top right: Jon Kemp looking out her window at **Natchitoches Noisette**; **McClinton Tea**; Jon Kemp pruning **Natchitoches Noisette**; and pruning **Lamarque**.

The "**Peggy Martin Rose**" is available at numerous nurseries. Part of the proceeds goes to restore public Gulf Coast gardens devastated by Hurricanes Katrina and Rita.

Armstrong Park's entrance is at 801 N. Rampart St. Cabrini Park is in the 1200 block of Dauphine St. Both are free and open 7 days a week.

For more information, contact Leo Watermeier at leowatermeier@cox.net.





from America

the Sacramento Historic Rose Garden: preserving roses in a California gold rush cemetery

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY ANITA CLEVENGER

Gold-seekers rushed to Sacramento, California after the first nuggets were found in the nearby foothills in 1848. Disease and misfortune took their toll. The flood-prone city needed a place to bury its dead, preferably on high ground. Sacramento leaders established a cemetery on a sand hill overlooking the Sacramento River. They laid out a grid of plots for gravesites, and sold them with the expectation that the owners and their descendants would care for them forever. Throughout the 19th century, the cemetery was a showplace. The raised plots were surrounded with granite, marble or brick, edged with elaborate wrought iron fences, and graced with statuary, mausoleums and monuments decorated with carvings of roses and other symbols. The city lined the carriageways with elm, yew, cypress and palm trees, and families planted roses and other flowers in the plots as living memorials. City residents often came to enjoy the beauty of this Victorian "garden cemetery" at the edge of town.



The Sacramento Cemetery, 1866

In the 20th century, fewer and fewer burials took place. The cemetery became the "Sacramento Historic City Cemetery." It fell into disrepair as families moved away, died off or simply forgot. Weeds choked the pathways and gravesites, the plot surrounds collapsed, and vandals and thieves damaged and stole artifacts and monuments. Despite the neglect, trees, shrubs and roses lived on.

Roses can live to a great old age in Sacramento's benign Mediterranean climate. Winters are chilly enough to encourage hardy roses to bloom, but not so cold that more tender roses freeze. The Sacramento Valley's hot, dry summers discourage most fungal diseases and insects. If not irrigated, the repeat-blooming roses stop growing and blooming until rain revives them in the fall. Given regular water, they keep on blooming, and can grow immense.

When botanist and old rose collector Fred Boutin visited the Sacramento cemetery in 1990, he found some twenty-five roses typical of varieties found in old cemeteries throughout California. There were Tea roses, including **Safrano**, **Duchesse de Brabant** and a few unknown varieties. A rose that may be the Noisette **Lamarque** grew on a single cane near railroad baron Mark Hopkins' imposing mausoleum.

Fred found **Souvenir de la Malmaison**, four or five Hybrid Perpetuals, including **Paul Neyron**, and several red Chinas. He identified two plants as the shrub form of **Aimee Vibert**. He also spotted some popular old rootstocks, **Manetti** and **Gloire des Rosomanes**, often called "**Ragged Robin**."

Fred also found inspiration. The cemetery was a "jewel in the rough," he recalls. Fred envisioned growing heritage roses amidst the mortuary art, letting the plants do what they wanted to do. "With so much open space in the cemetery, we would have the luxury of letting them grow large."

Fred had spent decades collecting roses from abandoned mining camps, sleepy foothill towns, old cemeteries and other historic sites. He kept records of where they were collected, and studied the roses. Some he could identify, and others remain a mystery to this day. Often, Fred's botanist eye would spot differences between two plants that were thought to be the same variety. "Are they different, or are they not?" he wondered. "I can't resist collecting an unknown rose." He could see value in planting these and other "found" roses in a single public site where they could be preserved, and visitors could study them and enjoy their beauty.

On his first visit to the Sacramento cemetery, Fred was accompanied by Jean Travis, a member of Yolo (County) and Beyond Heritage Roses Group and co-founder of the Sacramento Perennial Plant Club. She, too, was inspired by the idea of planting a rose garden in the cemetery. Their timing was good. A group of concerned citizens had begun to work with the city to

preserve and beautify the cemetery. Among the initiatives of the Old City Cemetery Committee was the Adopt-a-Plot program, which encouraged volunteers to tend one or more of the pioneers' gravesites. After nearly a year and a half of discussion, the city set aside three acres of the 28-acre cemetery for the Historic Rose Garden, installed irrigation in one section and told volunteers to start planting roses.



Fred Boutin



Barbara Oliva

Jean and Fred contacted fellow old rose lovers, some of whom had collected heritage roses from historic sites or purchased them from the few commercial sources available. The first planting day was in March 1992,

with nearly 100 roses donated from Fred and others. Over the next few years, a small, informal group of volunteers planted again and again, complementing the monuments with roses that pioneers and early Sacramento residents knew and loved.

It's not easy to start a garden, but it's harder yet to keep it going. Barbara Oliva came to the initial planting. A retired teacher, Barbara lived nearby, and had the time, interest, and perseverance to become the curator of the garden and the Convener of the Yolo and Beyond HRG.

Barbara coordinated an annual Open Garden Day, with sales of propagated roses to raise funds for garden operations. She gave talks, led tours, and conducted classes about old roses and how to prune and propagate them. Through these outreach efforts, a few volunteers stepped forward to work in the garden and behind the scenes, and then a few more.

Barbara also keeps records of the roses, entering information about the location and provenance of each rose into a database and producing labels to hang onto the roses. As Fred envisioned, the grid layout of the cemetery made it easy to number, track and locate the roses, which is critical in order for people to study them. The collection has now grown to about 500 roses, approximately 350 of which are distinct varieties. Chinas, Teas, Noisettes, and Hybrid Perpetuals are especially well-represented, although there are examples from nearly every class, and almost twenty species roses. Many of the roses have not been definitively identified, and still carry a study name.

Visitors to the garden find themselves dwarfed by roses. Roses tower overhead, sometimes reaching up into the trees, and sometimes supported by archways that extend over the paths. The roses are accompanied by iris, other perennials, and self-seeding flowers. The California poppy, *Eschscholzia californica*, is an especially appropriate and beloved companion. The combination of cemetery stones and flowers creates a visual feast and a photographer's delight.

Spring usually starts early and happens fast in Sacramento. In mid-March, *Rosa banksiae normalis*, extending more than fifty feet up a

pine tree, bursts into bloom. It's been described as resembling a giant, three-tiered wedding cake. Other varieties follow in quick succession. About two-thirds of the roses in the garden are remontant, and there are usually at least a few roses in bloom throughout the year. Jean observes that old Tea roses, in particular, are "utterly superior" in Sacramento, but many volunteers and visitors equally appreciate the nearly constantly-blooming Chinas and Polyanthas.

Over five hundred visitors come to the annual Open Garden, held the third Saturday in April, and vie to buy rooted cuttings of the cemetery roses. They enjoy the mystery, history and adventure that these found roses represent, and love their fragrance, form and vigor. Survivors of decades of summer drought and neglect, these found roses are well suited for California water-efficient gardens. Sadly, many of the roses in the collection have disappeared from their original sites, victims of development or herbicide. They are preserved in the Sacramento cemetery and passed along through the rose sales. Most of the roses offered in the cemetery sale are not widely in commerce, if at all. Many come with an interesting back story. Barbara collected "*Barbara's Pasture Rose*", an especially vigorous *La Reine*-style Hybrid Perpetual, by slipping

under a barbed-wire fence to get it. "*The Abbott and Burns Family Rose*" is a miniature China which is said to have been passed down through the generations by a family who brought it across the prairies in a covered wagon in 1858. "*Elisabeth's Red China*" is one of the original roses in the cemetery: fragrant, deep red and constantly in bloom.

About fifteen dedicated volunteers propagate and care for the roses throughout the year, assisted by the Sheriff's Work Project crew. These sentenced offenders weed, spread mulch, cut grass and haul trimmings. Additional volunteers tend the garden during special events, such as January's "Pruning Party" and monthly "Deadheading at Dusk" work parties throughout the summer. Volunteers lead tours, publish a newsletter, conduct talks and classes and take displays to the local rose society show and to other community gardening events.

Fred says, "The volunteers have been wonderful." Their commitment and the success of their preservation efforts have been recognized by Sacramento's former mayor, who granted a Historic Preservation Award, and a Great Rose Garden of the World award from the Great Rosarians of the World™.

The rose garden volunteers will host a 20th anniversary symposium and celebration on

October 12-14, 2012. The conference will be co-sponsored by the Old City Cemetery Committee, the Heritage Roses Group, and the Heritage Rose Foundation. The original founders of the garden will be there, roses will be offered for sale and there will be an opportunity to learn about the garden and its roses.

Rose lovers from around the world have studied the cemetery roses, just as Fred envisioned. However, the Historic Rose Garden is not just a place for them. Casual visitors are amazed at the variety of forms and fragrances of old and species roses. "Is that a rose?", they ask, looking at the 'Green Rose,' a huge banksiae, a moss-encased bud or a species rose covered with hips. "Yes," volunteers assure them. "That is, indeed, a rose. Let us tell you about them."

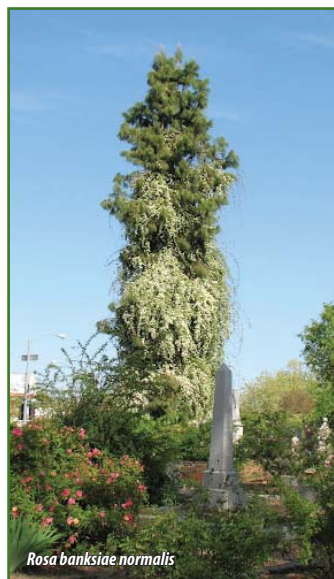
No longer neglected, the Sacramento Historic City Cemetery also boasts a California Native Plant Demonstration Garden, the Perennial Plant Club's garden in Hamilton Square, and hundreds of plots adopted by individuals and groups. Work continues to repair the plot surrounds and to mend the monuments. Volunteers lead history tours, research the archives and produce popular evening fund-raising events. People come to learn Sacramento's history and to stroll the lush, shady grounds. It is a showplace, once again.

Anita Clevenger volunteers as the manager of the Sacramento Historic Rose Garden. She is a University of California Master Gardener, a trustee of the Heritage Rose Foundation, a director of the Old City Cemetery Committee Board, and a member of the Heritage Roses Group and the American Rose Society. Further information about the Sacramento Historic Rose Garden is on their website:

<http://www.cemeteryrose.org>



Rosa banksiae lutea



Rosa banksiae normalis



An unknown Tea rose

from New Zealand

private Heritage Rose collections in the North Island of NZ

BY GEORGINA CAMPBELL, HASTINGS

There are many Heritage Roses of interest growing in private gardens in the North Island of New Zealand. Many are very rare on a global scale, with the owners unaware at times as to how precious they are. Roses have been collected from many sources and were sometimes propagated name unknown or awaiting the outcome of further research, and have been shared within families or communities and treasured by the gardeners over many years as part of their plant collections and/or enjoyment as part of the planting scheme.

On a visit to the following gardens you will note that all the gardeners allow their roses to grow to their full potential, due their having sufficient space and gardening skills. The roses are often not pampered unless it is needed to ensure they remain alive, and many of the roses are grown organically. There is an abundance of flowers and the air is full of perfume.

Olga Yuretich gardens out of Wellsford, north of Auckland. The garden has evolved over forty years with a vast collection of named and seedling roses. There are ramblers scrambling on fences, up trees, or holding each other up, thickets of spinosissimas / pimpinellifolias, roses bred by New Zealander Ken Nobbs (co-founder of Heritage Rose New Zealand) and mixed plantings where hundreds of roses grow happily with other plant companions. Roses of note include **Marechal Neil**, **François Poisson** and **Rawiri**.

Joanne Knight gardens at Kauri Creek, Katikati. Joanne had a wonderful rose nursery on

the property with budwood coming from her vast collection. Still an avid collector, Joanne concentrates on adding to her Tea Rose collection, buying or sourcing roses for comparison and to help her identify foundlings. A couple of particular treasures are **Lord Tarquin** and **Peace** (1902). Joanne also has many Alistair Clark roses, and has ensured their continuation by sending budwood to Tasman Bay Nursery.

Marie Philo also gardens just North of Katikati. Marie has been an active collector since the Heritage Roses movement began in New Zealand and has sourced and swapped plants, plus worked on identifying foundlings. Her vast rose collection includes many rarely seen Teas, Chinas, Bourbons and Gallicas including **Red (Niles) Cachet**, **Solfatere**, **Le Vesuve**, **Charles Lawson** and **Cramoisi Picote**.

Elysse Jones gardens just out of Whakatane, and began collecting many years ago when her health and mobility were better. With the support of her husband Elysse has been able to ensure many rose treasures have not been lost to New Zealand. Among Elysse's collection are **Dr Huey**, **Rosa chinensis minima** and many Alistair Clark roses.

Georgina Campbell gardens between Napier and Hastings. Although the garden is only about six years old a lot of the rose collection came with her from her previous garden. With a better climate more Teas, Chinas, older Hybrid Teas and Alistair Clark roses have since been added. Included in the garden is a increasing collection of roses bred by the three generations of McGredy rose breeders. These are planted in their own dedicated area and officially opened by Sam McGredy IV. Investigation as to how to bring in budwood of other McGredy roses from overseas is boding well for the near future. As a conservator of plants Georgina finds a home for any new additions, knowing that in the future some form of Trust will be needed to ensure the roses along with companion plantings are protected.

from Canada

comments please!

BY CRENAGH ELLIOTT, VICTORIA, BC

We have been having some correspondence about Old Garden Roses and Heritage Roses. In consequence we would like to collect comments to take to the WFRS Heritage meeting in Sakura Japan in June 2012 so that decisions can be confirmed at the WFRS meeting in South Africa in October 2012.

- 1) **Old Garden Roses** (OGRs) are classified for show purposes and are determined by the date of the classification, at present 1867, the date of the first Hybrid Tea Rose.

This includes all roses descended from these ancient classifications however new the cultivar is. This excludes Wichurana and Rugosa hybrids.

- 2) **Heritage Roses** are well defined in the Heritage Roses Australia Inc. mission statement, which reads in part

a fellowship of those whose aim is to advance the preservation, cultivation, distribution and study of old garden roses, roses no longer in general commercial cultivation, roses of historical importance, species roses and their hybrids.

These do not allow for a date, and can include any rose regardless of classification, but of some age.

As an aside, rose classification is like Topsy, it just grew. Now it is a gross muddle of form and ancestry which will not be easily untangled.

Please take your comments to Sakura or send to theelliotts@shaw.ca before the end of April.